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UNDER ALLIED COLORS

BY

ETHEL ROADS

Author of "After the War," "Romance of a Guardsman," "Eleven O'Clock," etc.

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The following short stories and poems which were published during the terrific strife of the World War are here presented in book form. Comments by people prominent in war work were made at that time; and some of the remarks are briefly quoted below:

President Poincare, of the French Republic, referring to "After the War:" "I congratulate you for the sentiments which have inspired you."

Dr. Jules Jusserand, the French Ambassador at Washington: "I have noticed with emotion this touching writing ("After the War") which gives as much honor to your talent as a writer as it does to your heart as an American."

Maréchal Joffre, of France, sent a letter of congratulation on this same work, "After the War."

Monsieur E. De Cartier, the Belgian Ambassador at Washington, referring to "The Retreat from Antwerp:" "I know that every American has a great feeling of sympathy for my fellow-citizens and I am always pleased when some of you express so beautifully and so heartily the feats of our gallant and wonderful army."

Mr. James B. Neale, Fuel Administrator: "Miss Roads has caught the spirit of the times. Her little book ("After the War") will, doubtless, help much to maintain the happy relationship between France and America, which has long existed and to which great strength was added during the past four years."

The Hon. Robert Heaton, who was at that time Congressman from Pennsylvania: "I am proud of someone in my own district having been so widely recognized."

Our Boys

It is the morning; the hour is five.
Gray, dull and sober the sun's rays arrive
To light up the whole street, all fluttering bright
With banners so gorgeous of red, blue and white.
The people are coming to make their adieu
To each loyal soldier, to colors so true.
Some will come back, but others will stay.
He's marching away.

The people are cheering! They're proud of the boys!
And the soldiers march on in the heart of the noise!
The church chimes are pealing that often-heard hymn,
"Onward, Soldiers of Christ," to the war's thickest din!
Here they are coming; so young and so strong,
Row after row they are tramping along.
And some will come back, but others will stay,
He's marching away.

"The Star Spangled Banner" is played by the bands,
The "Stars and Stripes" flutter from everyone's hands.
Thrilled and excited applauds the wild crowd,
Thrilled and inspired are the soldiers so proud;
Above and about them the church bells are ringing;
Like prayers for the brave boys the angels are singing.
And some will come back, but others will stay.
He's marching away.

See that young man! On his shoulder a gun,
His mother is yonder; he's her only son.
He's going away—hark! how the crowd cheers!
His face it is smiling; his heart full of tears.
Loud play the bands as the soldiers go by
And banners are waved! There are many who cry;
For some will come back, but others will stay.
He's marching away.

Little "kid" brother—see, there he goes!
His face is so youthful; his cheeks like a rose.
Fatherless boy, neither has he a mother,
Only a very good, kind, elder brother.
Quick a hard lump rises swift in his throat,
Music inspiring sounds forth note by note.
And some will come back, but others will stay.
He's marching away.

Yonder's a sweetheart who looks up the street,
And searches for one while the many drums beat!
Just as he's passing, this man among men—
Will she or not ever see him again?
Deep grows the pain which sharp cuts through her heart,
But bravely she smiles as the soldiers depart;
For some will come back, but others will stay.
He's marching away.

There they are marching and tramping to war,
Into the heart of the battle's great roar;
Each mother's soldier, each mother's dear boy—
The one whom she reared as her pride, as her joy.

Wearing a brave smile he marches along
To heart-breaking music of national song.
And some will come back, but others will stay.
He's marching away.

Soldiers are leaning far out of the train;
Cheering and screaming, the crowd's gone insane!
Laughter and tears! Wave the banners so gay!
Hark to the music the bands brightly play!
"When Johnny Comes Home Again," join in and sing!
But everyone's weeping—the church bells still ring;
For some will come back, but others will stay.
He's riding away.

Whistle has sounded, the train's pulling out,
Cheer upon cheer and shout after shout!
Faces are dimmed by the rush of blind tears,
Hearts left behind are so heavy with fears.
Husky good-byes, murmured low—sad and faint,
Brave tears are streaming—there is no restraint.
And some will come back, but others will stay.
He's riding away.

Slowly the train moves; it goes out of sight,
Round nearby curve in the morning's gray light;
People are listening, are all standing still—
Held is their breath, as far down the hill
Traced by the engine's shrill, saddening wail,
All know the train's on its way down the vale.
And some will come back, but others will stay;
He's riding away.

The Faith of Belgium

[King Albert:—"I have faith in our destiny. A nation which defends itself compels respect. Such a country never perishes."—August, 1914.]

Holy Mother! With that mystery
Ever veiled within Her eyes,
Listens to the prayers of Belgium
Which from earth to Her arise;
Seated on a Throne of Glory,
By surrounding angels seen,
Seraphim are doing homage
To Our Lady, Heaven's Queen.

Merciful and pure and gentle,
Ever comforting each one
Who discouraged and disheartened,
Pleads to Her and Her alone,
Motherly, She draws them to Her;
Soothes them, bids them start again,
Promising Divine Assistance
In this Struggle hard with men.

Holy Virgin! Thy great influence
Sweeps the world by sinners trod,
Belgium's faith will ne'er be shaken—
Pray for us, O Mother of God.

The Retreat from Antwerp

[Details of this poem were told to the authoress by a Belgian soldier who had been one of the 30,000 heroes of Liege.]

That afternoon, late in the day,
The Belgian army marched away
From Antwerp; glorious city where
The Germans waged their grim warfare
With pressure strong.

The heroes of Liège last turned,
To view that city where they'd learned
To stand for Right 'gainst Wrong and Might;
To ever follow God's great Light
Which ever shines.

Its silhouette against the sky,
Majestic; 'bove the clouds so high,
The Antwerp spire proud raised its head;
The blessing of the Church was shed
Upon the men.

A message floated o'er the plain,
To each tired soldier quick it came;
"Have courage, au revoir; don't fear,
The day of thy return is near;
The foe is doomed."

On marched the soldiers through the night,
All silent; dreaming of that sight
Of Antwerp's Church whose message gave
Encouragement to every brave
Heart Belgian.

'Though homeless, driven by the foe,
Where next to rest they did not know,
Each heart was filled with faith divine;
La Victoire would be theirs some time—
The Antwerp spire.

Belgian Forgetmenots

Beneath a sky unclouded,
In a country 'cross the sea,
There blossom fields of flowers
As blue as blue can be.

These flowers, bright and smiling,
Touch of celestial hue,
Salute the Flag of Belgium,
Pay all homage which is due.

For these tiny, tiny blossoms
Are the souls of Belgium's dead:
Soldiers, maidens, old folks who have loved
The Yellow, Black and Red.

And these spirits are returning,
All the time to cheer their world,
Soft to whisper, "Vive La Belgique,"
When their flag is swift unfurled.

A Maid of Picardy

A pansy bloomed fair in her beauty and youth,
Down by the laughing brook,
With purple and gold; and her sweet, smiling face
Drew all to this cool, shady nook.
There grew by her side a lovely fern who
Lovingly near her leaned,
While he whispered his love and the hope in his heart,
Of happiness of which he dreamed.

A bird from the treetop, a robin redbreast,
Chirped to the pansy shy,
Oft' sang of his love while he coaxed her to live
In his nest above near the sky.

In Picardy there lives a maid,
Who on the morrow bright will wed
A hero of her country—France;
A soldier loyal, brave, who led
His troops across the bound'ry line,
In Nineteen-Fourteen days of war,
Was wounded on fair Belgium's soil
Where first was heard the cannon roar.

Now one day a bee chanced to buzz near the brook,
And saw the flow'r of gold;
Decided to wed her; ignoring protests,
He carried her off, rough and bold.
But the fern leaped to battle; he fought for his love
'Till his fine leaves were torn.
But he saved the bright pansy; the bee was soon crushed.
Of beauty the green fern was shorn.
Then a young, foolish windflower down by the stream,
Looked at pansy and said:
"Surely you'll now choose the redbreasted bird,
Robin, the songster, you'll wed."

In Picardy there dreams a maid
Who in the village church will vow
To be the faithful, loving wife
Of him who is a hero; now

His wounds and pains have made of him,
An agéd, crippled, helpless man
But whose bright spirit typifies
What famous France has done and can.

But the pansy smiled sadly with dew on her face,
Gazed at her soldier-knight,
"I will marry only the hero who knows;
Who has suffered in this brutal fight."
The heart of the fern was filled with joy, and
Tenderly to his side,
(The robin sang loud to conceal his lost hopes)
He pressed close his true, faithful bride.
A pansy blooms fair in her beauty and youth,
Down by the silver brook,
With purple and gold; and her happiness, joy
Brings all to this cool, shady nook.

A Little French Heroine

When the Germans came to that village small,
They captured the pretty French girls; all
But one whom they roughly pushed aside,
While jeering and mocking her, they cried:
"You hunchback pale, get out of the way;
We don't want witches, but maids to-day."

Ah, little the officers knew her heart,
Where the glorious spirit of Joan of Arc
Lived; daring, religious, brave.
One love for France which she prayed to save
Even as Domremy's peasant girl
In the past did the Victory Flag unfurl.

One day while she stood by her cottage door,
A dispatch rider of France swift tore
Down the road swept by German shell;
Was struck by a bullet and at her feet fell,
Whispering where he had quickly been sent,
That his failure in duty no French victory meant.

But this peasant girl quickly searched his coat,
Took the paper of value, the paper, the note
Which would help save France from the cruel foe,
Then off on her bicycle rode she—not slow
But speeding along without fear in her heart,
Upheld by the spirit of brave Joan of Arc.

Shells burst to the left and burst to the right;
But she madly sped on; for the horrible sight
Of the field of battle with tide of blood
Encouraged her for the France she loved.
The bullets had struck her; to pain she was numb.
She soon reached headquarters and Victory was come.

Her duty accomplished, she would not stay;
Regardless of wounds she hurried away,
Back to her home, to the French soldier brave,
Told him the valuable papers she gave
To those in command. And France was saved
Again by a little peasant maid.

The dying soldier saluted Marie,
And smilingly passed to Eternity.

The little French heroine—long may she live,
To enjoy all the blessings which Heaven will give!
And when in the last tranquil slumber she'll rest,
We'll know her fair soul's in the land of the Blest;
That she's living with spirits who went to the tomb,
That the Lilies of France forever would bloom.

The Poilu

They sat on a bench in the Bois Boulogne,
The poilu and French Annette,
And the soldier spoke of the bright, bright world,
And some things he could never forget.

"Just see how pink are the flowers here,
Just look how they bow their heads,
As the summer breeze thru the foliage sighs,
And playfully sweeps the beds.

"See, how the birds are flying about,
How they flit from tree to tree!
Their feathers and wings catch the sunlight's rays.
'Tis a beautiful sight to see!

"Just look above to the sky, Annette,
Look up to the field of blue
Where float cloud-castles of old design,
As I built in the past for you.

"And see how the golden sunbeams fall
On this floor of grassy green?
Notice the lucky clovers-four
Which hide in the blades between!

"There flutters our tri-color flag, Annette,
The same as at St. Quentin,
When we pledged our lives to save our France;
Yes, down to the very last man.

"I remember those banners the people waved;
I remember you stood at the door,
And you smiled to me—there were tears on your face
That day when I marched to war.

"Ah, my Annette, 'tis a wonderful world
Of color, of sunshine and light!
I am happy to see nature's treasures which bloom,
In our France which has hard-won the fight."

The French girl replied, "Oui, oui, mon Jean,"
As she wiped her tears away;
For the poilu was blind and could not see
The things he described that day.

A Battle Anniversary

Up the hill they hurried,
The khaki-clad and blue,
Civilians, men, and women,
And little children, too.
The church stood on the summit,
In Sainte Geneviève,
'Twas shell-torn, walls were gaping,
Yet bells sweet pealing gave
The call for mass so solemn,
To celebrate that day,
That battle won by Frenchmen
When Germans came that way.

'Twas only four short years ago,
The sons of brave France fought,
And won the battle from the foe,
Who pagan-like e'er sought
To shell the little village church,
Which loomed against the sky,
Defying German shot and shell,
Kept Faith for Help on High.
So on the anniversary,
September twenty-five,
The people came to offer prayers,
For those brave sons who'd died.

The service was impressive,
And yet 'twas simple, too;
The good priest spoke of victory,
And what great faith will do.
He closed his solemn sermon
With a blessing for our men
Who'd come to crush the enemy,
To make France free again.

The Phantom Army

A clear-voiced bugle rends the air;
'Tis not for mortal ears—
A phantom army hears the call,
From battleground appears.
From Flanders' fields, from Picardy,
From Alsace and Champagne,
They're summoned by the bugle's voice,
The spirits of the slain.

The sainted Joan of Arc awaits
The heroes of her land,
In armor clad with fleur-de-lis
French standard in her hand;
And when the shadow army comes,
Her message thus she gives:
"I greet thee, soldiers, through thy work,
Our France which bled now lives.

"These words from the Most High I bring,
Eternal life is thine;
Fidelity unto the death
Has won a crown divine."
Thus spoke the martyred Maid of France;
The army bowed the head,
Received the blessing from On High,
And followed where she led.

His Letter

My little American sweetheart, cherie,
This letter which comes o'er the blue dancing sea,
Contains three sweet flowers of Red, White and Blue,
Which bind our hearts closer; our Republics, too.

These flowers have blossomed in French soil so fair;
They've bloomed for my sweetheart who waits over there.
I've made a bouquet, my American friend,
And messages sweet with these flowers I send.

Here's a bright nodding tulip; the color is Red.
And it stands for the brave soldiers' blood which
was shed
At the Chateau-Thierry, the Marne and the Somme.
These heroes are sleeping; each duty is done.

Next comes a sweet flower—its color is White.
A lily-of-valley of fabric so light
That it seems like the soul of a hero who came
Back to earth just to smile and be happy again.

The last of my bouquet—the blossom is Blue.
This flower-flag fragrant brings messages true
Of the Love and the Faith which abides in our
lands,
In the Red, White, and Blue which you hold in your
hands.

Oh, the Red, White, and Blue! The Red, White,
and Blue!
The Flags of our countries, for me and for you.
I'm sending this bouquet, cherie, over there,
In hopes that you still love your soldat Pierre.

L'Homme Rouge

There is an ancient legend,
Which the Britt'ny folks relate,
'Tis of the Red Man wicked,
With his flaming eyes of hate.
He's dressed in crimson doublets,
Scarlet hat, red shoes and hose,
And a fire-illumination
Follows him where'er he goes.

On the rough wings of the tempest,
With the raging of the gale,
With the thunder and the lightning,
Or with fall of snow and hail,
He will come—this wicked Red Man,
Omen of misfortune grim,
Prophesying great disaster,
To the one who dreams of him.

So when the wild storm rages,
And the winds begin to rise,
When a light of angry crimson
Sweeps across the blue-black skies,
Then the folks of Britt'ny murmur,
As they hurry home in fright,
"I hope the Red Man wicked
Will not visit me to-night."

With the shrieking fiends of tempests,
Quickly comes this scowling man,
He's an omen of misfortune,
Just avoid him if you can.

England's Heroes

Like incense the prayers of the world arose
To the Throne of God Above,
On the wings of Faith, of Confidence, Trust;
Relying for Help in His Love.

The British were firm as an iron wall
When the German soldiers came
To force their way to the coast; that day
When the British won praise and fame.
The English fought to their utmost strength
To decide their country's fate;
They fought like heroes, men; while the foe
Chanted a "Song of Hate."

And guns grew hot under rapid fire;
While the air with shot and shell
Was filled with death for the barb'rous hordes,
With the raging flames of hell.
There were bursting bombs and a shrapnel rain;
While the thund'ring cannons' roars
Made the earth vibrate; howitzers screamed
In this bloody war of wars.

The hordes approached but they could not pass.
In spite of the slaughter that night,
The British unyielding, fought on, fought to win.
While comrades fell left and fell right.
But when the sun rose on the morrow's gray morn,
And gleamed on the red battlefield,
The onrush was checked; and the enemy held—
Defeat for the foe was revealed.

Like incense the prayers of the world arose,
In thanks to the God Above,
On the wings of Faith, of Confidence, Hope,
Which trusted for Help in His Love.

Amato of the Piave

This is the story Amato, the returned Italian prisoner, related to his beloved Guido and the fair Iolanda. They believed him; they knew it was no dream; they believed every word their long-suffering brother said; and, as they heard his tale, their faith in the saints increased and they rejoiced that they lived under the protection of the good San Marco, the patron saint of Venice.

It was one evening at sunset in the month of November in the year 1917 that Amato, the Italian aviator, drove his plane northward towards the Alps. He was worried; his thoughts were of the danger ever approaching his beloved country, of the barbarous enemy approaching to devastate Italy even as Attila, the Hun, had done in centuries gone by. Then besides, Amato had a brother, a sunny-faced, happy youth, who was in the thickest part of the battle, fighting in the artillery. Amato loved Guido with all the love in his heart and soul; loved the young soldier more than any one in the world. Though he was proud that the boy was on the bloody fighting line, yet he longed to know that Guido's dear life was safe. "I would be proud that he died for Italy," thought the broad-minded

Amato; "yet I long to know that he lives." Such were the conflicting emotions which rose in the aviator's heart.

As he flew over Venice, the city of his birth, he glanced down. Tears filled his eyes as he noticed the gray-touched domes, belfries and spires of St. Mark's Cathedral. Their brilliancy was dulled for their safety and preservation. The "Queen of the Adriatic" no longer wore bright, gorgeous colors; it was war-time. No gondalos glided, swan-like and graceful, down the Grand Canal; the days and nights were no longer filled with music and happiness. All was quiet, in keeping with the grey-touched domes. Yet as Amato beheld, the reflection of the glorious after-glow could not be dulled. In spite of the war the waters were changed from crimson to gold, from emerald to rose-pink, and playfully encircled the many isles.

Amato drove on. The golden sunset light which veiled Venice's beauty, a few pale stars in the east, recalled to him that night would soon come, and that there would be perfect silence in the "Queen of the Adriatic," that no dazzling lights, no music would add to her fascinating charms. His thoughts drifted to the past, the happy past before the war. One evening in particular swept across the vision of his recollections. Guido had been so happy. He remembered how his brother with a throbbing gui-

tar had chanted passionate love-songs to Iolanda, his betrothed, who reclined on cushions in the gondola. He recalled how he had watched them while he, with a never-tiring arm, propelled the gondola forward, ever following the shivering path of gold from a light-flooding moon. Amato remembered when Guido's song was ended they heard the fishermen out at sea singing "Santa Lucia." The lingering melody was borne to poetical and romantic Venice by the fresh salt breezes of the Adriatic.

How long ago it seemed! That night had been a dream of bliss and joyous charm. Guido had been so happy. Dear little Guido, where was he?

"Yes, where is he now? And what is he doing?" thought Amato as he raised his eyes from the city he loved and prepared for a quick advance to the front. But he gave a start and wondered if he were dreaming. In truth a languor had been slowly stealing over him during his reverie of the past. He tried to shake off this languor, but it was impossible. He looked again; his first impression had not been wrong. He beheld a beautiful pigeon perched to one side of his plane; its pearl-colored wings changed to the pink of a rosebud by the fading daylight. Amato had no difficulty in recognizing one of the pigeons of Saint Mark's Square; he smiled at the feathery visitor. How many times he and Guido had fed the birds. The pigeon regarded

Amato, then flew away, and by some subtle power Amato realized that he must follow the bird wherever it led. It was as if he were living in a dream when one's actions are susceptible to an unknown influence. He turned his plane. The pigeon made a downward flight towards Venice and Amato at once followed, dreamy and only half-conscious of his actions. Down they went, the bird and the airplane. Amato wondered where he was being led. Then in a short time, as the pigeon fluttered to his shoulder, he knew the descent was over. He slowly circled about. The pigeon had led him to St. Mark's Square. The place was deserted; no one was to be seen. They were opposite the great portal of the magnificent cathedral, and as Amato wondered why he had been brought thither the doors were suddenly thrown open. In a blinding blaze of glory two figures appeared. Amato for some peculiar reason at once recognized them. The white-robed figure was St. Mark, the patron saint of Venice. The other, wearing a robe of purest blue with a face of wondrous beauty and kindness, was St. Barbara, the patron saint of the Italian artillery.

Forward they came, as Amato descended to the Square, and smiled compassionately and benevolently. Amato reverently bowed.

"Amato, wilt thou take St. Barbara and me to the north?" asked St. Mark in a gentle voice. "Italy

is in grave danger, but the prayers of the loyal and the devout have been heard. We go to answer them."

"To bring victory to Italy according to the prayers of her people," said St. Barbara.

Amato felt no sense of fright or awe. The presence of these saints soothed and inspired him with courage, bravery and faith. "Any commands which thou givest I will devoutly obey," he replied.

"To the north," said St. Mark while he and St. Barbara seated themselves in the airplane and the little pigeon was still perched on the aviator's shoulder.

Forward Amato drove, onward and onward. It did not seem extraordinary to be transporting saints —they who can be everywhere at the same time. For he knew that the saints often ask the aid of mortals merely to test the devotion, the loyalty of their servants. So on he drove with increasing courage and faith. As they reached the Alps he was bidden to stop; and among the rugged mountains whose snow-capped peaks seemed to pierce the sky, the airplane hovered. The Piave rushed along, roaring and tumultuous; it seemed to prophesy danger. The voice of the river warned the courageous Italians of the advancing Austrians.

Amato looked down and with a cry beheld Guido and others struggling with ropes to haul up the

steep mountain-side parts of a great cannon. It was hard work, but their efforts were crowned with success, for in a short time the massive cannon rested on the summit, ready to roar forth defiance and defense to the invaders.

Amato suddenly beheld the Austrians coming. Numberless hordes were rushing forward. The cannons roared. * * * The Piave was lighted by a hideous red glow as if the infernal regions had suddenly opened and the demons were liberated. On came the savage enemy. They were met by a firm, strong resistance. The Italians fought as never before; the heroes fell. * * *

Amato looked, thrilled and fascinated; he longed to be down in the thick of the battle. His blood rose at the sight of his brave countrymen falling. * * * Suddenly he raised his head and that which met his gaze filled him with horror.

Hideous-mouthed, evil things breathing fire, disease and devastation, were creeping over his airplane. They were the evil spirits, the wicked thoughts of the enemy fighting below. These things regarded Amato with leering eyes as slowly creeping forward they formed a circle around him. A shudder of repugnance shook Amato's body. He realized he was dealing with Austrian demons. The foul creatures ever crept nearer.

Below raged the battle on the Piave. The Italians were fighting desperately.

"Have no fear, Amato," said St. Mark encouragingly, and the aviator watched the two saints in breathless awe.

St. Mark and Santa Barbara rose; they looked above to the darkening skies. Then slowly making the sign of the Cross—even as in ancient times when beautiful Venice was threatened—they stood still and waited.

At once a beautiful cloud tinted with the delicate hues of the rainbow appeared; and as it parted Amato beheld rose-winged angels gently touching golden lyres. He could hear the musical voices of cherubs and seraphim who fluttered above swinging censors of incense; and the language in which they sang was Italian. For as the French say, "Italienne est la langue des anges." (Italian is the language of the angels.) * * * In the background rose that emblem of Christianity and Eternal Life, that sign which the saints had just made—the Holy Cross bright and glorious with the Everlasting Light of Immortality.

Amato trembled and covered his eyes, yet he felt no fear. Conflicting emotions of awe and tranquility rose in his heart. * * * Suddenly he raised his head; for, as the evil things on his airplane

beheld the Cross, they disappeared with shrieks of rage and bitter disappointment. For evil can never exist in an atmosphere permeated by Faith and Christianity.

At the same moment down on the bloody battlefield the Italians were suddenly encouraged and that famous sentence, those words which have thrilled every Italian heart were uttered by the heroes of the Piave—"They shall not pass." "Non passaranno."

A wild feeling of rejoicing swept over Amato. St. Mark smiled and the aviator knew Victory would come to Italy, that the enemy would never cross the Piave, would never invade the land of music and poetry. "They shall not pass," and the Italians have kept their promise; the Austrians have never and will never pass.

Suddenly Amato's joy was changed to terror and grief. He beheld his beloved Guido surrounded, being taken captive. * * * A loathsome prison-camp where the brutal Austrians would make him suffer, would torture him. Already Amato could see his Guido whom he loved more than life itself, emaciated, starved, forced to labor, dying by inches —the bright, cheerful, laughing Guido—to be maltreated, abused. Quickly the aviator with tears in his eyes entreated the saints to free his brother.

"Spare him, St. Mark, our patron saint. Let Guido be free and send me to suffer in his place.

Let me endure the tortures of the prison-camp, not Guido. Grant me this request, St. Mark."

St Mark's voice was very kind. There was a bright light in his eyes, the kind of light which radiated from the Holy Cross Amato had beheld a moment before. "Why dost thou desire to suffer for thy brother?" he asked quietly.

"Because I love him."

"Dost thou realize that thou wilt be a prisoner; that thou wilt endure the miseries of a slave and the tortures which only infidels and pagans can devise?"

Amato looked down and saw the Austrians were leading Guido away. The battle still raged, but victory was smiling on the loyal Italians. The Piave was filled with Austrian dead.

"Yes, yes, I can endure all and everything. Guido has toiled so hard—he has Iolanda and is so young. He has so much to live for." Amato's words were incoherent, but the saints understood. They read his heart.

Then it was that St. Barbara spoke. "Even though death will be thy fate after months of hardship, starvation and disease?"

"Rather let me suffer than Guido," steadily replied Amato, and the saints pressed him no longer with questions.

"Thy prayer shall be granted," said St. Mark,

and there was a divine expression on his face. "Thou shalt take thy brother's place, thou shalt suffer for him and shalt die—later. 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend.'"

Then the saints blessed Amato and promised Eternal Life. A rainbow-tinted cloud appeared and hid them from his eyes. But as the cloud drifted away the presence of the saints remained to encourage and comfort him. And the little pigeon still perched on the aviator's shoulder.

Suddenly a noise was heard above the roar of the cannon. He beheld three enemy planes appearing in different directions. He smiled; he was a brave Italian. He met his fate like a loyal son of Italy.

But as the gray walls of the Austrian prison camp closed about him he heard sweet music such as had come to his ears when the demons had been driven from his airplane by Christianity. He beheld St. Mark, his patron saint, with three fingers upraised to bless him. Then the vision faded and was gone.

"O Italy, O Guido! It is sweet to suffer and to know that victory has come," and the pigeon, which had ever remained with him, spread his pearl-white wings and flew back to Venice with this last message.

Such is the story Amato, the returned Italian prisoner, related. As he finished he sank into Guido's and Iolanda's arms. A bright light swept over his emaciated face and, smiling peacefully, his soul left his beloved Italy and soared to realms immortal.

Gone West

As the sun sinks beyond the horizon,
'Mid the glory of bright-tinted sky,
So the soul of a hero is wafted
To regions unknown; and we try
By our knowledge to fathom the myst'ry;
We remember—our doubts all have ceased,
That the orb which has vanished at sunset,
To-morrow will rise in the east.

The Return

our clouded eyes
Fill, Father, with another light;
That we may see with clearer sight,
Thy servant's soul in Paradise.

—Ambrose Bierce.

It was raining. The lightning flashed, the thunder rolled and the wind violently tore at the gold-starred service flag hanging from the porch roof. The soldier's mother from the sheltered corner where she sat, knitted and thought, knitted and dreamed. Every time she raised her head, her eyes rested on the honor banner; and her thoughts became gloomier and more depressed. Yet she was a brave little American mother; no one had ever heard her complain.

The story of that service flag. It was like all other tales of patriotism, loyalty, devotion to the cause, bravery in the face of death, unselfishness to a comrade, and of making that last supreme sacrifice for his country that his mother and other people's mothers might live in peace and happiness. That was all; but the very thoughts filled the mother's heart with pain, yet at the same time pride that her boy, her only son, had died an American hero. He was slumbering peacefully and tranquilly—overseas, sleeping on the side of a little hill with his comrades.

Pale lightning forked the grayish sky for a moment and the muttering of the thunder could be heard far away. The storm would soon be over.

The mother put aside her knitting and closed her eyes. She thought of the last time she had seen her boy. Here he had stood only a year ago, clad in khaki, attempting to smile cheerfully. He had looked so young and strong, a perfect type of American manhood.

"Good-bye, little mother o' mine," he had said huskily while he tenderly put his arms around her. "You've been the best pal I ever had!" Then he said no more * * * A moment later he shouldered his gun and was off. "I'm coming back!" he called. "I'll come back to you—some day."

Tears filled the mother's eyes and a great longing swept through her heart. She was proud of her hero. Who would not be? But she just wanted to be comforted. He had been swept from her life so suddenly, so completely; he was gone * * * In a neighbor's house the rich, mellow voice of a 'cello was sweetly singing, "I Hear You Calling Me," and the refrain harmonized with her thoughts. "'I'll come back,' he said," she murmured. "Poor boy! how little he thought that he would never again come back to me. He is gone."

The sun's rays were beaming brighter and brighter.

Something lightly brushed her cheek and opening her eyes, she beheld a beautiful butterfly quivering and fluttering on her shoulder. It flew to her hand and gracefully poised there. The mother noticed with a thrill that its lovely wings were colored brown with fine stripes of yellow, blue and scarlet * * * Was it possible? Could it be? * * * Her heart beat quickly and a feeling of comfort and content swept over her, driving away the depressed, gloomy thoughts * * * She hardly breathed for fear the frail, little moth would fly away; she sat perfectly still.

Brighter and brighter became the sun's rays; and as the curtain of gray was rolled back, the distant mountains reappeared and the lawn, fresh and wet, with the flowers smiling and nodding, again was seen. The storm was over.

The little butterfly fluttered for a moment; the mother tried to keep it, but, spreading its beautiful wings, it flew to the blossoms—then flew far away and—was gone. But the great contentment which filled the soldier's mother's heart remained to ever recall to her the butterfly's visit.

The mother raised her eyes to the now clear, smiling skies and beheld a lovely rainbow of delicate hues arching itself over the mountains. "He has kept his promise," she murmured. "He has come back to me."

The birds were gaily twittering in the trees, the 'cello across the way was happily singing another refrain and the whole world rejoiced and shared the contentment and happiness which the butterfly's visit had brought.

After the War

It is Paris in the year 19—. The sunlight sparkles on the beautiful Seine; it touches the roofs of the Louvre, of the dome of the Hôtel des Invalides, shines on the Obelisk of Luxor, glitters on the ancient Notre Dame and the Panthéon; and quickly tracing the broad Champs Elysées it fondly lingers on the glorious Arc de Triomphe. Paris remained unharmed thruout the World War.

On this particular bright morning in May suppressed excitement is in the air. Although the hour is yet early all the French people are astir, peasants, students, artists, soldiers. The beautiful bridges, spanning the serpentine river are crowded with pedestrians who move forward past the Hôtel de Ville, on past the Place de la Bastille, onwards ever towards the cemetery—Père La Chaise. All these people carry garlands, wreaths or bouquets. Their faces are serious. The women in mourning have tearful eyes; the men, most of them bearing honorable scars of the battlefield, are grave and quiet. But the little children, those to whom the late war is but a story, they hurried forward, light-footed and happy, rejoicing in the fact that it is a patriotic holiday.

A patriotic day. Can it be one when the French with saddened faces are on their way to Père La

Chaise? But look! See, in the passing throng there are some people from another great republic; others who, also bearing lovely garlands of spring's most beautiful flowers, are hastening on to the well-known burying-place. Among these there are black-garbed women, there are crippled men, there are laughing children. Each one, however, wears a tiny Red, White and Blue Flag. Is it necessary to state who they are? But why are these Americans so anxious to reach Père La Chaise?

At the Place de la Concorde a few of our countrymen are waiting. They are standing by one of the eight great, beautiful statues which have represented the chief cities of France for many years and which still represent them. This particular statue by which our friends wait, is that of Strasbourg, the city lost in 1871, but restored to the French after the World War. It is no longer draped in black. Instead beautiful American and French Flags flutter above to remind the world of the recent past.

Included in this group of people is a woman who, gowned in sombre black, gives the impression of having many more years than she has. Her face bears the traces of a heart sorrow never to be erased by time. She is a war widow of the United States of America. Since the death of her husband she has devoted her life to caring for her little son who had never beheld his hero-father.

Herbert, the little boy, dressed as a United States sailor, stands by his mother's side, carrying a great wreath of immortelles tied with our brilliant colors, Red, White and Blue. He looks very serious, for he was told of the importance of this great occasion, this patriotic day in France.

The third member of this party is the war widow's father-in-law. He is an old, white-haired, saddened man, an American who had won much commendation for his work in the crisis of 1917. Herbert was not the only son he had lost. Two more were peacefully slumbering in French soil. He also carries a wreath of the fairest blossoms of the land.

The excitement is becoming more intense. The crowds are swelling as the many French and the fewer Americans continue to stream on, on in the same direction. Omnibuses and automobiles roll by quickly, rapidly, filled with people, garlands, bouquets and wreaths.

"When are we going, mother?" asks the little American boy.

"As soon as our friend comes, dear," replies the war widow. "See! There he is now. Go to meet him and we'll leave at once for Père La Chaise." * * * Père La Chaise * * * Her eyes are filled with unshed tears as she remembers her beloved is sleeping there, her soldier who gave his

life for his country. The beautiful roses in her arms * * * they are for him. Her depressed thoughts are interrupted by the return of Herbert with a tall, young man whose face is far too grave and serious for his years. Formerly he was a Belgian boy cruelly treated by the barbarous Germans on their invasion into Belgium; but who thru the goodness of the generous-hearted Americans was clothed, fed, educated and protected till the gruesome World War was over. His gratitude to America will forever live in his heart.

Warmly he greets his kind friends and relieves the war widow of the flowers. The father leads the way to the automobile which has waited on the Champs Elysées; he has noticed the courtesy and kind attention shown his daughter-in-law and he secretly marvels. Were it not for the genius-like inventions developed by the medical profession this Belgian would be a helpless cripple.

There is silence as the car wends its way towards Père La Chaise, ever leaving far behind on the summit of the hill the Arc de Triomphe which has always presided over Paris, prophesying "Victory." The father is very grave and thoughtful. He calls up in review the past and he again sees his three boys marching away to war. Three fine, stalwart American soldiers uniformed in the familiar khaki. He remembers how Walter, the lively rascal,

laughed and said, "Have the bands out for me, dad, when I get back." And the father can see the look of tenderness and love in Herbert's big, blue eyes as he said: "Take good care of Ruth." The slight quiver to Gerald's chin as he kissed his mother good-by forever recalled the parting with the youngest of the boys. * * * The eyes of the white-haired patriot are moist as each fleeting detail sweeps before his vision. And now on this beautiful May day in 19— he is in sunny France to decorate the graves of his hero-soldiers.

A few moments later and the automobile reaches Père La Chaise. The cemetery is crowded with people, men, women and children from all stations, ranks, and professions, each bearing the sweetest flowers of the country. Our three American friends together with the Belgian descend from the automobile and moving slowly thru the multitude, reach a platform elaborately decorated in American and French Flags. Seated on this rostrum are officers in uniform; but only one wears the well-known khaki of the United States. As the party approaches this American officer hastens to greet them. Warmly he clasps the outstretched hand of his countryman; kindly he welcomes the war widow and leads her to a seat beside his French brothers. The Belgian and Herbert with bouquets of roses and wreaths of immortelles find chairs in

the rear and impatiently, anxiously await the opening of the great exercises of America and France.

Nine o'clock, the appointed hour, is arrived. The people of the two republics are waiting; they turn towards the platform with expectant faces, ready to listen. The French Infantry stand at attention; an American bugler, a veteran of the World War, is seen to one side, also a band of khaki-clad musicians who had encouraged "our boys" more than once in the days of 1917-19—. There is silence in Père La Chaise. The golden sunlight is bright, beautiful, clear; the zephyrs are mild, balmy, caressing. The sky is turquoise-blue. It is a perfect day.

The American officer steps forward. This man of indomitable will, of courage, bravery and firm resolution feels saddened and depressed. As he faces his audience, his eyes wandering beyond fall on the many, many mounds headed by white crosses. * * * His boys. His heart is brimful of tears and for a moment his sight is blurred by a mist. * * * The breezes lightly blow to and fro. * * * He feels that his American soldiers, those whom he led into battle not long ago, are listening to his words as intently as these living citizens whose interest and enthusiasm is so keen.

"People of France and America, we have met on this day to commemorate the lives of our illustrious dead; to

decorate the graves of our heroes who have fallen on the field of battle.

"Not long ago, our American boys came over here to repay the debt we owed France. They gave to you, citizens of France, the same assistance which your brave Lafayette gave to America in the past.

"Our boys bore the 'Stars and Stripes' thru bloody battles together with your tri-colored banner. Both were always waved triumphantly over the vanquished enemy.

"The toll of this glorious Victory was the lives of our heroes, of our staunch soldiers and of your brave boys. Yet their spirits live in this all-beautiful, immortal universe; the work they accomplished lives in the hearts of the freed and peaceful world; their loyalty, bravery and devotion will forever live on the pages of history; and * * * in each individual heart, somewhere in America, somewhere in France, each soldier-memory lives glorified!

"People of France, this day has been set aside for the decorating of the soldiers' graves, for the sake of the white-haired mothers in America, the sad-faced widows, those bereaved families who have never and will never behold the last resting-places of their loved boys. Even as we Americans commemorate a Memorial Day in remembrance of other American heroes who, upholding Liberty, bled and died for the same Righteous Cause, so do you have such a Memorial Day in your country. Into your hands, French people, we leave the charge of caring for these graves; and those far across the sea are comforted by the thought that their boys' tombs will always be remembered. For it is known that 'France never forgets.'

"And every time you decorate the grave of a French hero, place a bouquet and murmur a prayer for the soul of his brother tranquilly sleeping by his side—an American soldier boy!

"'Behold, I will gather thee to thy fathers, and thou shalt be gathered to thy grave in peace.'"

As the American officer brings his address to a close there is silence. * * * the French soldiers stand at attention. Three times the squad fires and as the echoes rumble into nothingness, the American bugler steps forward and sounds taps. * * * The band strikes up the thrilling, warlike "Marseillaise" followed immediately by the glorious, swelling refrain, "The Star Spangled Banner," while the people decorate the graves of the soldiers.

October 13, 1917.

The Home Coming

28TH DIVISION

After the war; and the great day has come,
To welcome the heroes of Argonne, Soissons,
Of Chateau-Thierry, La Bonne Maison, Fismes,
This beautiful triumph morn seems like a dream.
The city is smiling in draperies gay
Of Red, White and Blue; and on the long way
Of the line of parade "Old Glory" waves bright,
With flags of the Allies. 'Tis victory's sight!!

To quick, swinging music the heroes! they come!
Wild waving of banners, loud beating of drum!
A Babel of sounds! Cheering, shouting with joy,
Each patriot welcomes each brave soldier boy,
And yonder's the comp'ny we watched march away—
'Twas two years ago on a fair summer's day.
That line of young heroes, all silent, so stern—
Of many brave deeds which we never will learn.
The captain—we know him—he still leads his boys,
—Bells, whistles are blowing, a gale of mad noise!
Those brown ranks are thinner; we miss now and then,
The well-'membered faces of some of the men.
An airplane is humming and overhead flies,
Drops flowers and victory-wreaths from the skies
As if for those laddies who sleep 'cross the sea,
Who died for America, you and for me.
But cheer for the heroes who march down the street,

The olive-drab soldiers who ne'er knew retreat,
Were fighters efficient to cope with the Hun,
There they go! Croix de Guerre, helmet and gun.
But hark! Now a cheering swells strong in the air,
A thrill sweeps the multitude. Look! Over there
Are laughing and smiling from automobile
Our wounded boys. Heroes! The frenzied crowds feel
The hardships of war at the Oise and the Aisne.
Our wounded boys. Cheer, shout yet louder—again!!

After the war; and we greet on this day,
America's fighters from French Taille d'Abbé
From Petits Boureuilles; and where cannon roar
Crushed onrushing German on Hill two naught four;
Where valor and courage and sweet liberty,
Were proudly upheld on Hill two thirty-three.
All hail to our heroes who march in the light
Of the Cross. Our Crusaders! 'Tis victory's sight!!

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